

9-6

Aug 65



# THE PACK RAT.

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## THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

211 - 16th Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alberta.

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Bob's Bookstore: 211 - 16th Avenue N.W. 277-0907

### HAWK PASS - June 19, 1965.

On Sunday morning at about 10:00 o'clock, three cars from Calgary converged on Vermilion Crossing. Soon Gerry, Betty, Yvonne, Ron, Bente, Joyce, Don, Dorothy and Gordon set off under Wally's leadership along the track to Hawk Pass. The four-mile walk involving a rise of roughly 2,150 ft. to a height of 6,560 ft. was pleasant in the "intermittent sunshine", the only hazards being the numerous fallen trees across the trail. Towards the summit meadows of bright flowers distracted attention somewhat from the wetness underfoot. At noon, under a grey sky, the group ate lunch on a rocky hillock above the snow in the pass.

The peaks of Hawk Ridge were tempting to some members of the party, but as no arrangements for climbing had been made with the rangers, Ron, Don, Gordon and Wally compromised on a plan of walking further along in the Pass. Wally delegated leadership of the girls, who preferred to start back, to Gerry, who was suffering from a cold. The drivers thoughtfully gave their car keys to those going ahead so that they could wait in comfort at Vermilion Crossing.

Contrary to expectations, the energetic walkers were deterred by extensive snow from going very far in the Pass, and they soon made their way down to the starting point. Also contrary to expectations, they failed to overtake Gerry's group on the trail, nor did they find the six waiting at the bottom.

An hour or so later, at about 5 o'clock, after cups of coffee and inquiries of people in the vicinity, Wally and Don started up the trail again in the rain which was now falling steadily, to look for the missing ones, while Ron drove along the highway in Wally's car (only Wally had a duplicate key with him) looking for other possible exits from the general area of Hawk Ridge.

In the meantime, Gerry and the girls had inadvertently followed a branch of the main trail until it became obvious that the path was leading away from the desired destination. With Mount Verendrye, and, later, a noisy creek as landmarks, they made their way across rather heavily forested country, eventually meeting the trail near its beginning, just in time for a happy reunion with Wally and Don around the next bend.

On reassembly, the whole party set off for home, with a stop at the Paris Tea Room in Banff to sustain them on the way.

- Dorothy Grieve

#### HART MOUNTAIN - Dominion Day, 1965.

On July 1st, nine Ramblers - Kay Kittle, Suzanne Schalken, Daphne Smith, Marg Sharpe, Fred deVries, Don Hopkinson, Alistair Sinclair, Art Borron and Ted de Waal ascended Hart Mountain. The climb was straightforward although steep in spots near the top. The weather was near perfect. On the top, the view was magnificent in all directions. Looking north, the party could see the tip of Aylmer just north of Lake Minnewanka, which some of them had climbed last August.

Marg Sharpe found a snow-bank and started throwing snowballs at the boys until they threw her in it and stuffed snow down her neck. Marg, however, was not to be deterred by this and, coolly, returned to the attack.

On the return, the party elected to descend the rear slope of Hart and return to the highway via a valley. Ramblers are never lost - but this party had some difficulty making their way back because the valley narrowed to two rock faces through which a stream flowed. Fred de Vries made something like 8 jumps of the stream, several of which almost equalled the Olympic record, and then steadied less athletic members of the party with a pole or hand as they crossed. Eventually the party reached the highway and returned to Alistair Sinclair's apartment in Calgary for a Chinese dinner. The day was just about perfect.

- Art Borron.

#### PACK TRIP TO SHADOW LAKE AND TWIN LAKES - July 3 and 4, 1935.

Early Saturday morning, Art Borron, Fred deVries, Henk Oliemans, Jim Kirkpatrick, Art Graham, Ted Prinz, Tommy Thurston and Don Hopkinson (the leader), left Calgary. Eight men and no girls! That's why the cooking was a bit primitive but we managed pretty good! It was a hot hike to the Pharaoh Creek junction where we ate our lunch. At 2:00 p.m. we arrived at the cabin, which was occupied by 4 or 5 unfriendly fishermen. The tent was set up somewhere on the meadow and right after that we went to the ice caves. That was the idea but the creek appeared to be too high to cross so we went back and started supper.

No sooner had we finished supper than a bunch of Youth Hostellers appeared on the scene. They came over Gibbon Pass. The evening was spent together. We were informed by them that Gibbon Pass was alright to go over so we changed our original plan and at 8:30 a.m. Sunday morning we set off for Gibbon Pass. The weather was beautiful and hot. Some of us were cooling off our faces by wiping them with snow. The pass itself was a sea of flowers and the snow was melting fast which made the going quite mushy. An hour was spent on top of Gibbon Pass, resting and taking pictures of Mt. Assiniboine which was very clear.

There was some trouble finding the trail down because of the amount of snow left but after a little bushwhacking we found it again. Lunch was eaten on the shore of the Lower Lake. After a short side-trip to the Upper Lake, we continued and came out at about 5:00 p.m. in a fairly heavy but short thunder-shower. Jim Kirkpatrick, who went back along the Shadow Lake road with the Hostellers, was waiting for us and provided the necessary transportation. Thanks to Jim. Supper was eaten in Banff.

- Henk Oliemans

MANY GLACIERS, MONTANA - July 17 and 18, 1965.

On Friday night, eleven Ramblers - Jim Kirkpatrick, Lawrie Portugal, Jack Turner, Robin and Cedrick Hitchon, Art Borron, Alistair Sinclair, Liz O'Shea, Pat Sidwell, Chris Hunt and John Taylor - set off for Glacier Park in Montana and were joined by five more Ramblers on Saturday morning - Daphne Smith, Eloise Wallis, Kay Kittle, Ed Lynn and Tim Amy.

On Saturday morning the party walked down the valley past several lakes towards Swift Current Mountain which could be seen quite clearly in the distance. Our objective was a look-out tower on the mountain which could be seen through binoculars. The trail was good with easy grades and a view in almost every direction. At the end of the valley, a series of switch-backs took us up to a saddle from which we could see the look-out tower. We had lunch by a stream before making the ascent of Swift Current. On the top, the view was impressive. We could look back on our path to the campground, over to the Logan Pass highway and north to Waterton although no one could actually identify any peaks there. After 1/2 hour on the peak, we returned to the campground.

Next morning two parties hiked to Iceberg Lake which was still partially frozen over and it reminded us of Floe Lake from the previous week's trip. After lunch at Iceberg Lake, we set off for Ptarmigan Lake which was also partially frozen. Behind Ptarmigan is a scree slope leading, after some switch-backs, to a tunnel through the rock to a face on the other side where we could see Elizabeth Lake about 1,500 feet below and 1 mile distant. To the north we could see what appeared to be rolling prairie. When returning, one member of the party attempted to demonstrate the art of glissading down a snow slope. As teacher and demonstrator, he was a spectacular failure although there was no question that two rapid descents were made!

A small party also visited Grinnel Lake.

Back at the campground, the high point of the trip occurred - some of us went over to a soda fountain and had a beer! - on Sunday!

- Art Borron

CHINAMAN'S PEAK - July 17, 1965

Eighteen of us set out to tame Chinaman's Peak, which is the high cliff west of Canmore, at the entrance to Whiteman's Pass, on the south side.

We drove up the Spray Lakes road through the Pass and left the cars where the Calgary Power Company's canal goes through a tunnel. Rolf, his sister and Bob Baxter decided to climb the south end of Mount Rundle, and reached a very considerable height on it, where occurred the only tragedy of the day: Bob's unique hat to which he was attached, fortunately only sentimentally and not physically, was wafted into the abyss. Bob may have had optimistic ideas of a search party, but was totally outnumbered, and that work of art, pink ribbon and all, will adorn Mount Rundle forevermore.

The rest of us crossed the canal just above the tunnel mouth: a slip would have meant more than a ducking, for the stream nearly filled the tunnel and was very cold, and deep.

After bushwhacking, the summit was reached and lunch enjoyed. The shutterbugs really had a field day, when the wind "let up" enough to allow a steady balance. Three rock rabbits had their lunch with their feet apparently dangling over a couple of thousand feet of thin air, and the stiff wind didn't make the position any better for it was blowing from the west.

The return to the cars was without incident - one has a convenient lapse of memory! - the canal was crossed again, and we drove up the valley to the Spray Lakes, took pictures and then back to Calgary.

- Hugh Peck

FISHER PEAK RECONNAISSANCE - July 25, 1965

Three Ramblers - Gerhardt Menzel, Art Graham and Hugh Peck - left Calgary at 2:00 a.m., reaching Evans Thomas Creek at 4:00 a.m. and starting the ascent at 6:00 a.m. The summit ridge was reached at 11:45, after continuous loose shale and side slopes. Outside of one goat track, no good footing was found. The lowest, (westernmost of the three peaks) was our turning point, as the saw-back nature of the summit ridge requires technical climbing. This summit is less than 400 feet below the true peak (10,015 Ft.). The descent down a creek bed, and bush-whacking for considerable distance after leaving the loose rock, was more exhausting than the ascent, and it was with great relief that the track was reached, so we had only seven miles of hiking back to the car. Calgary was reached at 10:00 p.m. after a stop at Ft. Chiniquay.

A better route, between the above described ones, is possible - it looked good from above - and is recommended for trial. It is opposite the creek coming into Evans Thomas from the west, and two miles beyond the junction of the creeks where there is some culvert.

Photographically it was magnificent and worth the trip on that score alone.

- Hugh Peck

CAMPING AND HIKING NEAR LAKE O'HARA - July 31, August 1, 1965.

One of the very pleasant aspects of this excursion was the 8 a.m. departure, which seemed to set the tempo for the entire weekend. On arriving at Wapta Lodge shortly after 10 a.m., we lounged in the sun until almost 11 a.m. waiting for the O'Hara bus, which was late as usual. Consequently it was lunch time as we completed packing our gear into the Alpine Meadow from O'Hara. Quickly and orderly our night's lodgings were erected and then as we dined, our leader, Lawrie, plotted the afternoon activities as follows:- walk around Lake O'Hara and climb the three miles to Lake Oesa, climb an additional two miles to the top of Abbott's Pass, then descent to Oesa again and climb up to Wiwaxy Ridge enroute back to camp.

As we trudged along in the heat up to Oesa, Jennie decided it was too much, so having received explicit instructions from Alistair

as to how to follow the path back, she departed and we pursued our journey to Oesa where we enjoyed the next hour lazing in the sun, surrounded on three sides by majestic peaks. Soon Dave and Dorothy joined us, but declined our invitation to tour Wiwaxy. What happened to Abbot's Pass? The heat dampened our enthusiasm! It was extremely hot high up on the rocks, no breeze, no shade and the continual reflection of the heat from the rocks. However, it was well worth the effort. Jim Bell, Alistair, Art Borron, Stephanie and Quita had a field day with their cameras. Considerable time was spent on top of the gap as we gazed at the beautiful view of O'Hara and the surrounding lakes. We were also treated with a number of snow slides roaring down Mt. Ungabi. As we gazed at the wonders of nature, Lawrie was additionally occupied with two other beauties of nature! While he was engaged thusly, Alistair, Jim and Art climbed further up Wiwaxy for more photography and a view of Opabin Pass.

Finally, after an enjoyable and worthwhile afternoon we arrived back at camp to find Jennie, Dave and Dorothy, also Jack, preparing the evening meal. Jack was proudly frying his afternoon's accomplishments, two of them, which he later shared with his travelling companions. Consequently we all had a sample of Jack's "catch".

Art Graham and his son, Doug, arrived about this time; they had missed the morning bus. Also Celia and Stuart burst upon the scene looking for a fire to fry their steaks and someone to help drink their wine. We all enjoyed the balmy starlit evening, some strolling hand in hand around the lake, some just gazing into the camp fire, while others gazed at the stars. Steph stuck her head out of the tent and studied the galaxies long after she went to bed.

Finally it was time to retire and we had to disperse some of the girls into the fellows' tents as six is a crowd for the club tent. Reluctantly Dave and Jack made room for Dorothy in Jack's tent, Alistair and Jim having evacuated to Art Graham's quarters. More reluctantly Liz and Lawrie shared the pup tent! They were terribly late rising Sunday. Lawrie claims he had been up at 5 a.m. to enjoy the mystery of the early morning!



By the time we rose Sunday around 3 a.m., Art Graham and his son had long departed for a tour of the area we covered Saturday. We did not see much of them. Jack, poor fellow, became most impatient as 3 o'clock rolled around and no breakfast. 'Midst piercing screams he yanked Steph, sleeping bag and all from the tent. Luckily she sleeps with all her clothes on! Soon there was the delicious smell of coffee, bacon and eggs, porridge, etc. as the morning repast was prepared and consumed.

We left camp around 10 a.m. for a leisurely stroll up to Lake McArthur which reflected the clear blue of the sky and was a pleasure to gaze on. We relaxed here for about an hour. Quita, Alistair and Jim were again busy with their cameras. Liz and Steph dabbled their lily-white feet in the cool water. The latter got a bit smart tossing water around, however, she took her consequent dunking with quite good humour!

We had the pleasure of meeting a couple from the Seattle Mountain Club who were camped 90 strong in the Alpine Meadow. It cost these people just \$90.00 each plus \$25.00 fare for the two weeks' camping. Their cook, a culinary marvel, and a couple of dishwashers who did the pots and pans were the only paid help. Each member did his own dishes and volunteered for various other duties. Lunches were packed at night by volunteers.

As we left lovely Lake McArthur, whom should we meet but Dave and Dorothy. Seems they walk a bit slower than the rest of us. We wended our way up to Oderay Plateau and found a delightful little stream which provided a perfect place for lunch, and more pictures. From here we slowly climbed up on to a point high above the Oderay Plateau which provided a splendid view of all the area. From various spots up here we could see McArthur, Schaeffer, O'Hara, Oesa, Opabin Lakes, Morning Glory Lakes and Linda Lake. Again the camera experts went to work. We are looking forward to an evening of these slides and reliving the happy hours spent amidst such grandeur.

We lingered as long as possible before returning to camp, where we had to dismantle our tents, pack up and be over at O'Hara by 4 p.m. No room on the first bus for all 15 of us so we lolled on the grass by the Warden's hut, entertained by Jack until 5 p.m. Reluctantly we departed for Wapta Lodge, loaded into our respective cars and were home by 9 p.m., after having dined at the Cascade in Banff.

This was an ideal weekend - no rain, no clouds, no wind,  
beautiful sunshine and magnificent scenery.

- Daphne Smith.

GULL LAKE - August 1, 1965

Dianne, Wanda, Betty, Kathy, Vincenta, Gerhardt and myself left from the south side rendezvous at 8:00 and drove north to meet the others at Gull Lake. We arrived at the lake around 11:30 or so and found Sandy, Nancy & Co. as well as Gerry, Paul and Dorine. There was no sign of Wally, but Sandy felt certain we were at the right place, so we quickly donned our swim suits, grasped our suntan lotion and towels and settled ourselves on the beach. It was perfect swimming weather - hot and still and the water was warm, even hot in the shallow parts. There seemed to be thousands of people there - all shapes and sizes with varying degrees of suntan and burn and of course all the bikinis in sight received our appraisal and appropriate comment. As a matter of fact, the rest of the girls in our group were rather envious of Betty's dashing new bathing suit. I did hear that she had a slight mishap with this dazzling creation and found that it is more suitable for reclining in than for active swimming, as the top was anchored somewhat insecurely.

There were quite a number of motor boats and water skiers in evidence as well as a number of sail boats, but there was hardly enough breeze to move the sail boats. We were in and out of the water all afternoon, cavorting around with an air mattress and generally having fun.

We pondered the fate of Wally and his crew and walked the entire length of the Aspen Beach to see if we could find them but to no avail. Sandy and his family left quite early in the afternoon, hoping to meet up with him. Then, about 2:30, Wally, Alma and Eloise trudged in from another beach about a mile away, very hot and weary and disheartened. Apparently Wally's new red bomb had seized up on him near Bowden and they had continued their journey by hitch-hiking, then as there was some misunderstanding as to the beach we were to be at, did not meet up with us until mid-afternoon. However, all is well that ends well, and they were in the water in very short order and enjoying the sun.

Our carload left around 5:00 o'clock, having all reached the stage where we could take no more sun for that day. We stopped at Hannigan's for dinner and entertained ourselves part of the way home by singing (??). We all felt that, apart from Wally's misfortune, it had been a very enjoyable day.

- Kay Kittle

DAY TRIP TO MAC'S BARBER SHOP - August 12, 1965.

One of the most unusual and unique day trips of the year took place this day under glorious sunshiny weather. Unfortunately, only one member of the club was in attendance but he was at least an assistant leader and had a first aid kit with him. The outing only lasted about an hour but it was one of the most profitable hours in the club's history. Yes, Stuart Lunn got his hair cut and again has joined the land of the living! If we can only get him to quit wearing sandals (or wash his feet), we will have won the battle. Incidentally, for those who didn't know him before or can't remember that far back, he really has got cute ears!

- Ted de Waal

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At the recent meeting of the Executive held at Ron and Sharon Bowie's home, it was decided to hold our Annual Meeting and Dinner - and party - on Saturday, October 16th. Reservations have been made for the Fiesta Room at the Beacon Hotel. Formal notices will be forthcoming in due course, but this is just a reminder to keep that date open for our big "do" of the year. Cost for the dinner will be \$1.50 for members and \$2.50 for guests.

NEWLY PAID-UP MEMBERS:

57. Portigal, Lawrie	615 - 30 Ave. S.W.	243-0744
58. Schalken, Suzanne	5908 Thorncliffe Dr. N.W.	276-2825
59. de Mos, Hilda	5908 Thorncliffe Dr. N.W.	276-2825
60. Hassett, John	47 Harrow Crescent	252-5009
61. Prince, Ted	1231 - 17th Ave. N.W.	289-5367
62. Wright, Joyce	12, 510 - 19th Ave. S.W.	269-1706
63. Furesse, Dorothy	16, 610 Edmonton Trail N.3.	269-7401
64. Wobick, Gerald	2003 - 23rd Ave. N.W.	289-2718
65. Borron, Art	1921 Greenridge Road S.W.	242-2716
66. Mohr, Dieter	1730 - 29th Ave. S.W.	244-4274
67. Mohr, Bonnie	1730 - 29th Ave. S.W.	244-4274
68. Grieve, Dorothy	8, 908 Memorial Drive. N.W.	283-6109
69. Bagley, David	7304 Kelsey Place S.W.	255-0711
70. Lewington, Betty	1, 1036 - 12th Ave. S.W.	245-2154
71. Hunt, Chris	18, 536 - 14th Ave. S.W.	262-1640
72. Sidwell, Patricia	101, 101 - 25 Ave. S.W.	262-5676
73. Amy, Tim	#306, Queens Apartments	
74. Taylor, John	18, 536 - 14th Ave. S.W.	262-1640
75. Welsh, Jenny	920 - 5th Ave. S.W.	262-4782
76. Christiansen, Alma	1901 Centre Street N.	277-2824
77. Kaiser, Dorine	1601 - 2nd Street N.W.	277-2414
78. Woronieski, Wanda	17, 1030 - 12th Ave. S.W.	244-4972
79. Leskevich, Paul	4612 - 22nd Ave. N.W.	289-6857
80. de Waal, Ted	1025 - 19th Ave. N.W.	289-2442

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Soice, Marj	#9, 1735 - 34 Ave. S.W.	243-5178
Svensson, Helge	#512, 333 - 17th Ave. S.W.	263-7328

MEETINGS - RECENT AND COMING

- Jun. 30 - Equipment Lecture by Ted de Waal.
- Jul. 7 - Miscellaneous club slides.
- Jul. 14 - Softball and weiner roast at Glenmore Park.
- Jul. 21 - Talk on club leadership by Wally Drew.
- Jul. 28 - Square dancing at the Thurston's home.
- Aug. 4 - Stephanie's slides of Greece, Portugal, Spain and  
Yugoslavia.
- Aug. 11 - Miniature golf at the Inglewood "Golfland".
- Aug. 18 - Miscellaneous club slides.
- Aug. 25 - Weiner roast at Glenmore Park.